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the Lone Ranger



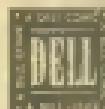
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Lone Ranger

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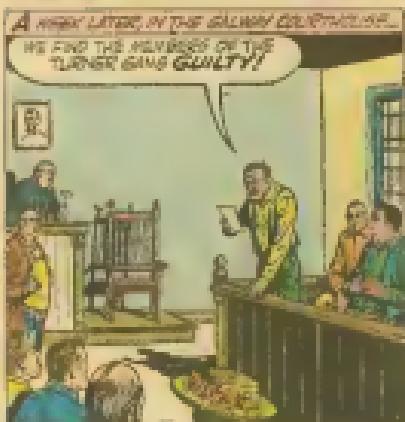
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The LONE RANGER

HUNTER'S HOLLOW





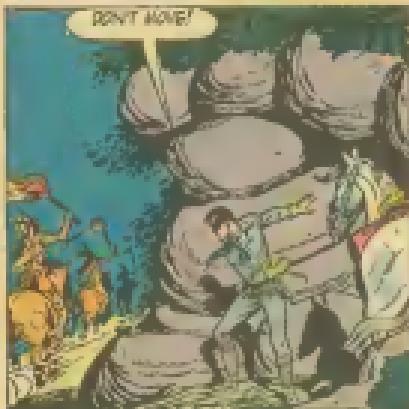


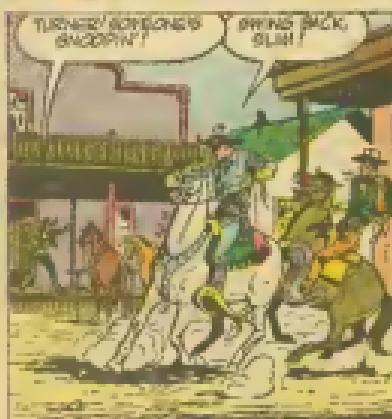


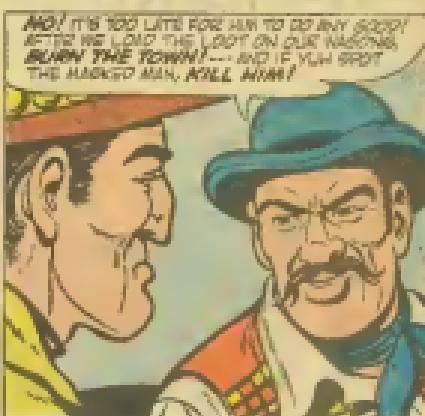


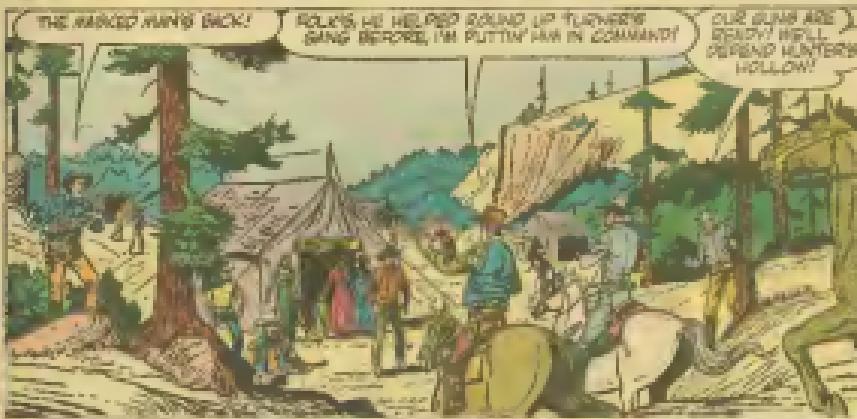


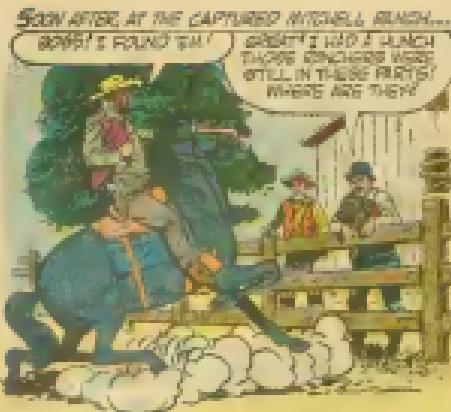






















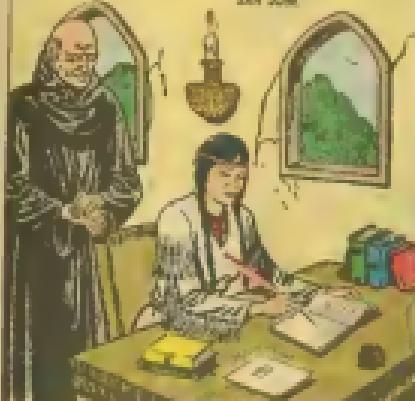


SARAH WINNEMUCCA THE PAIUTE PRINCESS

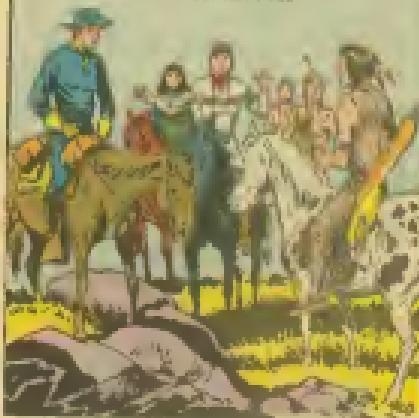
THE PAIUTES OF NEVADA WERE ONE TRIBE OF INDIANS WHO ALWAYS BETRAYED THE WHITE STRANGER. OLD CHIEF WINNEMUCCA HAD SIGNED THE AMERICAN EXPLORER JOHN C. FRÉDÉRIC HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, TOCOTONE, WHO LATER TOOK THE NAME SARAH WINNEMUCCA, PROVED A GREAT INFLUENCE IN KEEPING HER TRIBE AT PEACE WITH THE WHITE SETTLERS DURING THE 1860'S.



OLD CHIEF WINNEMUCCA DETERMINED THAT ONE MEMBER OF HIS TRIBE WOULD LEARN THE WHITE MAN'S KNOWLEDGE. HE SENT HIS GRANDDAUGHTER TO A MISSION SCHOOL AT SAN JOSE.



SARAH WAS AN EXPERT INTERPRETER. HER INTELLIGENCE AND UNDERSTANDING MADE HER KNOWN THROUGHOUT HER TRIBE.



SHE OFTEN HAD TO SPEAK BEFORE THE TRIBE BECAUSE SHE UNDERSTOOD THE AMERICAN SETTLERS. HER FATHER, YOUNG CHIEF WINNEMUCCA, SURROUNDED MORE AND MORE OF THE TRIBE'S LEADERSHIP TO HIS DAUGHTER. EVENTUALLY, SHE HAD MORE AUTHORITY THAN EVEN HER GRANDFATHER, OLD CHIEF WINNEMUCCA.

BUT THE CONDITION OF THE PAIUTES BECAME CONTINUALLY WORSE. CIVILIAN AGENTS IN CHARGE OF TRADING POSTS ON THE RESERVATION WERE ROBBING THE INDIANS. SARAH PREPARED FOR A TRIP TO WASHINGTON. SHE WOULD GO TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!



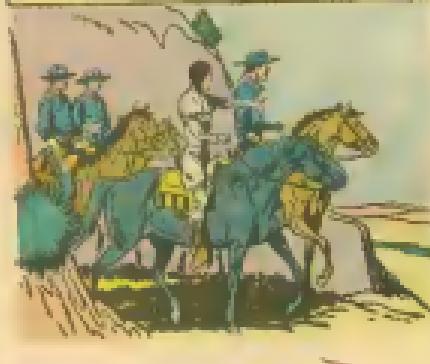
BUT TROUBLE WAS ON THE WAY! THE SAWNOOK INDIANS STARTED A WAR WITH THE SETTLERS AND THEIR CHIEF, BUFFALO HORN, CONVINCED MANY PAIUTES THAT THE WAR WAS JUST. THEY KIDNAPPED SARAH'S FATHER AND JOINED THE REBELS.



SARAH STOLE INTO THE SAWNOOK'S CAMP. SHE ARGUED WITH THE LEADING BRAVES UNTIL THEY WERE READY TO RELEASE THE SAWNOOKS.



DURING THE REST OF THE WAR, SARAH SERVED AS SCOUT AND INTERPRETER. THE SAWNOOKS WERE BEATEN AND THE TRIBE THANKED SARAH FOR SAVING THEM FROM INEVITABLE DESTRUCTION.



SOLDIERS WERE ON THE WAY! SARAH'S FIRST STEP WAS TO CONVINCE THE AMERICAN OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THE FIRST TROOPS TO HOLD OFF THE ATTACK. A WOMAN ACTUALLY DELAYED THE AMERICAN ARMY BY HER FORCE OF ARGUMENT!



BEFORE THE SAWNOOKS KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, SARAH LED HER FATHER AND ALL THE PAIUTES FROM THE WAR CAMP.



A LARGE PART OF THE REST OF HER LIFE WAS SPENT IN TEACHING THE INDIAN CHILDREN WHITE MATH. SARAH DETERMINED THAT HER KNOWLEDGE SHOULD BE SPREAD AMONG HER PEOPLE. SHE CONTRIBUTED MORE TO LASTING PEACE IN OUR COUNTRY THAN MANY GENERALS AND SOLDIERS!



LITTLE MAN'S LOOT

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Back and forth, Little Man stepped, treading the moist clay with his bare feet—back and forth in the hollow of the rock, squeezing out all the air bubbles that might make a clay pot crack when it was put into the oven. His mother left her pot-making and came over to her small son with a smile. She picked up the big clay water jug with the handsome red and black designs on it, and poured a little water onto the soft clay.

"You are doing well, Little Man," she said. "But I shall have to bring more water from the river. I will take the other jug. This one is not quite empty."

Little Man watched her lift the spare jug easily to her head, and move light-footed down the cliff upon which the cove-village was built. He looked out across the flat roofs of the many houses, and up at the bulge of the upper cliff, which made a sort of roof over the town. He sniffed the odors of cooking—corn bread, boiled squash, with wild onions and pepper. Little Man loved it all!

Last week he had been out on his first

hunting trip with his father. He had been homesick, and the Apaches had nearly caught them. Now that he was home again, he never wanted to leave—

"My beads! My blue turquoise beads have been stolen! Some cursed thief!"

The harsh voice of Yellow Bull, the old medicine man, broke in on his happy thoughts. Yellow Bull climbed out of his doorway and began striding up and down, waving his fists and shouting in anger.

"They were sacred beads! Unless they are returned, a curse will fall on all of us! Everything will go wrong, do you hear? ALL THE NEW POTS AND JUGS WILL BREAK IN THE FURNACE! The young turkeys will catch cold and die! AWA-AGH! The Great Spirit will be angry until the beads are found!"

Little Man stood shivering as the angry voice went on and on. The thought of such dreadful things seemed to paralyze him. He did not even see the big tom turkey that came stalking toward him, looking for spilled corn.

The turkey stopped, eying the water jug. Suddenly he hopped onto its rim. There was a fluttering and a great crash. The jug lay in pieces!

Little Man moaned. It was his mother's best jug. Already Yellow Bull's curse was beginning to fall! He turned away, covering his eyes—and stumbled over a pottery ladle. The ladle flew against the wall of Little Man's house and shattered. Terrified now, Little Man picked himself up and ran—anywhere to get away!

His bare toes found the sashes cut in the lower cliff. Reaching the ledge below, he fled around the corner, and climbed to the crevice between the wall of Yellow Bull's house and the weathered cliff. A stunted bush grew there. Little Man crawled behind it, and crouched there sobbing. He would be blamed for the broken jug and the broken ladle—and perhaps for the stolen beads, too. He was innocent—but that would not help him! He could never go home now!

A scurrying on the rock behind him made him turn. It was only a pack rat! Little Man could see the end of its tail disappear into a hole in the cliff. The rock around the hole looked much weathered and cracked. Little Man began pulling out chunks of it—having nothing better to do. In surprisingly few minutes he had uncovered the mouth of a little cave.

He crawled in. Here the chill evening wind could not reach him. There were pebbles on the floor, but Little Man brushed them aside, curled up, and tried to sleep.

The next thing he knew, morning sun was shining into his eyes! Little Man opened them, saw where he was, and stretched. His hand touched the pebbles on the floor. THEY WERE BLUE! They were polished, blue and tan—the beads of Yellow Bull! The pack rat had stolen them, and hidden them here!

Little Man looked around. There were several valuable arrowheads, many pieces of broken pots and jugs, a turquoise bracelet that his father had lost a year ago, a shell



pendant, also belonging to Yellow Bull—treasure to make one rich for life! But it didn't belong to Little Man. He could keep it hidden—but then a terrible curse would surely follow, upon him and all of his people. "The sin of one is the curse of all!" Yellow Bull had said.

Quickly Little Man stripped the small branches from the stunted bush, and the bark from the thicker stems. With eager fingers he bound the twigs into a rough basket, then filled the basket with all the pack rat's loot.

The village was just waking when Little Man appeared on the ledge below his house. Granny Iska, the Basket Maker, saw him first, and called out the news: "Little Man has come home!"

All the people came running. His mother was the first to reach him. Before she could ask him any questions, he poured his loot out on the ground for all to see.

A great gasp went up—and a shout of joy from Yellow Bull. Then his mother's arms were around Little Man. She was saying: "My Son, you have made us all very happy! But your father and I are the happiest of all, because we have you back, safe and well!"

YOUNG HAWK

WE DUG IT TO FIND GAME DOWN THERE, YOUNG HAWK!

YES, HIGH CLOUD---A RABBIT, OR AT LEAST A SKUNK!



MOVING DEEP INTO THE PUERCO COUNTRY OF CANYONS AND MESAS -- TO ESCAPE MARAUDING APACHES --- YOUNG HAWK AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN TOO LONG WITHOUT FOOD...

IF WE DON'T KILL
SOME GAME PRETTY
SOON, I'LL EAT MY
MOCASSINS --- OR
MY PARROT!

HIGH CLOUD AND I
ARE JUST AS HUNGRY
AS YOU ARE, LITTLE
BUCK! REMEMBER---
A WARRIOR OF THE
MESAS DOES NOT
COMPLAIN!



AS THEY REACH THE BRUSHY CANYON FLOOR, A PAIR OF
SAGE HENS FLY UP!

YAH!
YAH!

BOTH OF THEM I NOW WELL,
EAT, YOUNG HAWK!



UMMM--MMMMM!
I COULD EAT SIX
OF THEM--- ALL
BY MYSELF!

IT'S LUCKY YOU DON'T
HAVE THE CHANCE, LITTLE
BUCK! YOU'D BE TOO
FULL TO WALK.



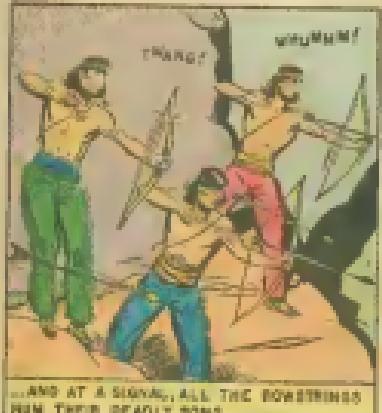




...AND TURNED TO HUNT THE SECOND WANTED SCORES—
DEEP IN THE BUFFALO'S FLANKS.



AT THE LAST MINUTE, THE BRAVE BRAVE
LEAPS STRAIGHT ON... TO SAFETY! THE
BULL POURS TO A HALT.

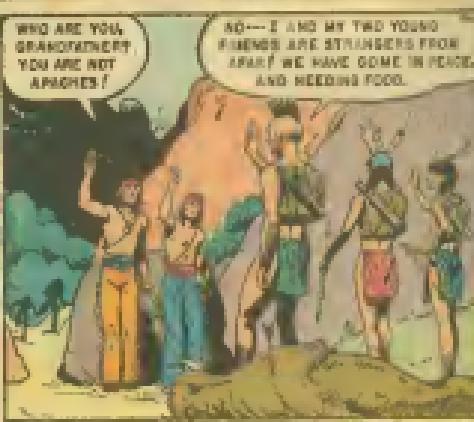


...AND AT A SIGNAL, ALL THE BOASTHORNS
HUN THEIR DEADLY BOMBS.



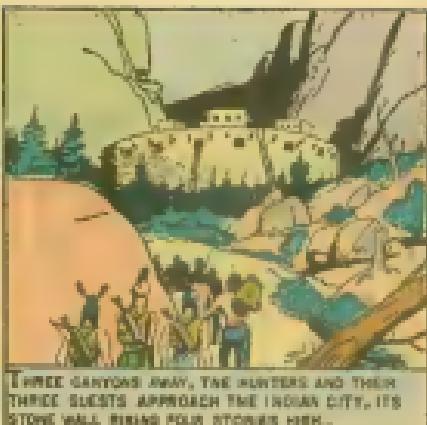
BRAVELY WITH ARROWS, THE GREAT BEAST BOLLOWS
BELLOWING TO THE CANTOON HOSTS.







QUICKLY, THE GREAT CARCASS IS SKINNED AND CUT UP...



THREE CANYONS AWAY, THE HUNTERS AND THEIR THREE GUESTS APPROACH THE INDIAN CITY. ITS STONE WALL RISING FOUR STORIES HIGH.



AT THE TOP OF THE WALL, THE STRANGERS ARE WARMLY GREETED BY THE CITY'S CHIEF MEN.



A SPECIAL FEAST WITH THE CITY'S CHIEFS COMPLETES THE WELCOMING CEREMONY...



EVEN THE YOUTH OF THE CITY GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO BE FRIENDLY...



SWIFT WOLF EXPLAINS THE GAME, WHICH IS SOMETHING LIKE BASKETBALL, BUT PLAYED WITH A BALL OF SOLID RUBBER IMPORTED FROM THE FAR SOUTH.



THE UMPIRE WILL BOUNCE THE BALL IN THE CENTER--- AND BOTH SIDES WILL RUN TO STRIKE IT, BUT THE BALL CAN BE HIT ONLY WITH ELBOWS AND KNEES. REMEMBER, YOUR HAWK!

I WILL REMEMBER!

BOOF!



THE BIG BALL OF IMPORTED PROGRESSORUM BOUNCES HIGH AS THE UMPIRE SLAMS IT DOWN...



HAWK



TALL BULL MAKES THE FIRST STARE --- A FINE KNEE-PUNT...



A GRAND SCRAMBLE OF FOLLOWERS, PLAYERS ELBOWING AND BUTTING THEIR OPPONENTS ASIDE.

--OON! SHIFT WOLF!

GOOD STARE, LITTLE BUCK.





BACK AND FORTH THE GAME SURGED, THEN SLOWLY, YOUNG HAWK SEES THE BALL BOUNCE IN FRONT OF HIM. HE RAISES HIS KNEE...HAWK!



A BULL TURNED ALL EYES ON TUMBLEWEED---WHOSE PLAYFULNESS HAS STOLEN THE PRECIOUS BALL---AND THE "SHOUTY"



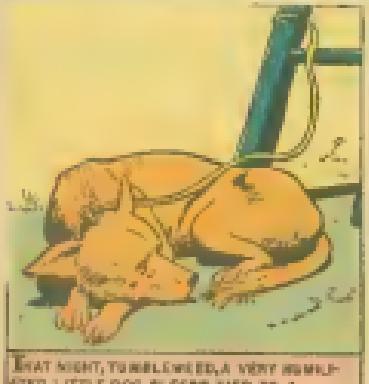
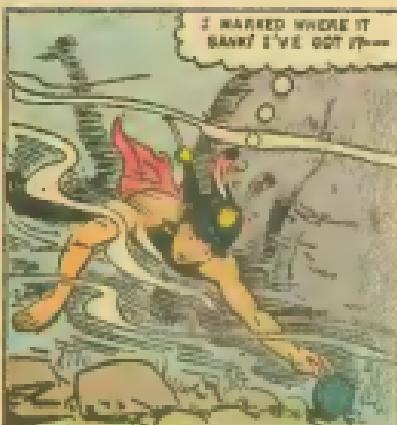
DODGING OUT OF THE BALL COURT, THE MISCHIEF-MAKER HEADS FOR THE OCEAN...WITH ALL THE PLAYERS AFTER HIM.



AT THE WRONG MOMENT, TUMBLEWEED TURNS TO TAUNT HIS PURSUERS...



...AND GOES WHOOLES OVER, HEAD INTO THE STREAM





CONQUEROR OF THE APACHE



ASIDE FROM WIDELY SCATTERED FERTILE VALLEYS, THE LAND OF THE APACHE WAS AN ARID, ROCKY, SUN-BURNED WASTELAND. IN SUCH BARREN COUNTRY, IT SEEMED THE INDIANS WOULD BE FREE FROM THE WHITE MAN'S EVER WESTWARD MARCH. HOWEVER, ALWAYS SEEKING GOLD AND LUSH VALLEYS FOR THEIR CATTLE, THE WHITE MAN STEADILY INVADED APACHE LAND.

LEADING THE FIERCE WARRIORS AGAINST ALL THE HATED PALEFACES WAS COOHSIE, THE APACHE'S GREAT CHIEFTAIN FALSELY ACCUSED FOR CRIMES OTHER TRIBES COMMITTED. COOHSIE LAY WASTE TO SETTLEMENTS, CLEVERLY AMBUSHED SOLDIERS UNTIL IT SEEMED THE SOUTHWEST WOULD BE RULED BY THE INDIANS ONCE AGAIN.

BUT A NEW ENEMY OF THE APACHE ENTERED THE WAR. GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER, SENT WELL EQUIPPED TROOPERS FROM EVERY ARMY CAMP IN ARIZONA INTO THE FIELD WITH STRICT ORDERS, TO "LOCATE, HARASS AND SUBDUCE THE LAST WARLIKE APACHE." CROOK'S WARFARE PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE APACHES AND THEY ASKED FOR PEACE. CROOK PROVED THEIR BEST FRIEND. HE SETTLED THEM ON RESERVATIONS TO THEIR LIKING AND SAW TO IT THAT THEY WERE TREATED FAIRLY.



A close-up photograph of a jaguar's head and upper body. The jaguar has a light tan coat with dark, irregular spots. It is resting its chin on a large, light-colored rock. The background is blurred, showing more of the rocky terrain.

The jaguar is the only wild animal in North America who

Mexico where he is called "El Tigre". It is interesting
that he can live among brush, mesas or in swampy areas.

Courtesy of American Museum of Natural History, N.Y.